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Garth Ennis Russ Braun Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

SEVENTY-ONE

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In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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AAAAAAAAHHH! GOD, GOD, JESUS CHRIST! AAAAAAH!!

YOU THINK THAT'S BAD--

I CAN'T FEEL FUCK ALL BELOW ME NECK.

THE BLOODY DOORS OFF

conclusion

THERE YOU GO.

¡¡HHHNHM WHUHHH!!

¡¡AAAAH! AAH-AAH-AAH-AAH-AAH-AAAAH!

SNAP THE BAR, YOU TIT.

AW FUCK, HELP ME, GET ME DOWN...!

WH-WH-WH--?

THAT'S WHAT'S HOLDIN' YOU UP THERE. SNAP IT.

BUT IT *REALLY HURTS...!*

IT'S GONNA HURT A FUCKSIGHT MORE IF YOU DON'T.

OH GOD-- OH *FUCK*--!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK O' THAT, I THINK YOU MIGHT'VE NICKED THE FEMORAL. TIE YER BELT ROUND IT QUICK AS YOU CAN, YEAH?

AAAAAAAAAHH, MY HAND...!

THAT AIN'T THE BAD ONE, MATE, THAT AIN'T GONNA KILL YOU. COME ON, TIE IT UP TIGHT.

THERE, HOW'S THAT?

FUCK.

AW FUCK.

FUCK, I CAN HARDLY MOVE.

SHITE...

OH, TOO BAD, MY SON. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BOTH STUCK.

STILL, LUCKY FOR YOU THAT LANDED THE WRONG WAY UP, EH?

AW, NOW DON'T BLOODY START THAT...!

YOU KNOW I CAN'T STAND THAT, IF THERE'S--

HOW COULD YOU?

HOW COULD YOU DO IT?

I TOLD YOU. THERE'S NO POINT GOIN' OVER AN' OVER IT AGAIN, JUST BE GRATEFUL I BOLLOCKSED IT UP...

I'M NO' TALKIN' ABOUT THAT.

M.M.. FRENCHIE AN' HER.

HOW *COULD YOU...?*

FUCK.

I NEVER WANTED IT TO END THE WAY IT DID. I THOUGHT I'D GOT YOU ALL OUT O' THE WAY, YOU'D JUST...

DIE ALONG WI' EVERYBODY ELSE?

KNOWIN' NOTHIN'.

D'YOU KEN VAS BLED TO DEATH IN THAT PLACE? THE POLICE REPORT SAID HE'D TAKEN HALF AN HOUR TO DIE?

AH, THE POOR CUNT.

I THOUGHT THE THIRD ONE DONE FOR HIM, I REALLY DID.

BUT ANY ONE OF 'EM COULDA STOPPED ME, WITH WHAT THEY KNEW. THEY HAD TO GO.

BUT IT WAS *THEM*...!

YEAH, I KNOW.

I KILLED ME FIRST MAN AT SEVENTEEN, HUGHIE. DONE A LOT MORE SINCE THEN. AN' EVERY TIME I GET THAT FEELIN' I TOLD YOU ABOUT, LIKE I'M WATCHIN' FROM SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY.

IT AIN'T LIKE I DON'T KNOW IT'S WRONG, BUT... IT FEELS LIKE A DREAM, OR SOMETHIN'. AN' IT'S WHAT LETS ME GET THE JOB DONE WITHOUT WORRYIN' ABOUT IT LATER.

I DUNNO, IT PROBABLY JUST MEANS I'M SOME SORT O' PSYCHOPATH...

THE JOB. FUCKSAKE.

AN' I WAS MEANT TO TALK YOU OUTTA GOIN' THROUGH WI' THE PLAN, IS THAT RIGHT?

'CAUSE I SORT O' DOUBT YER WEE BROTHER STOPPED YOU DOIN' WHATEVER IT WAS PHYSICALLY...

SPOT ON. HE WAS JUST A DECENT FUCKIN' BLOKE, SAME AS YOU.

SO YOU PLANNED THIS OUT, RIGHT FROM THE BLOODY START, HAVIN' SOMEONE TO--

NAH, IT WAS JUST AN IDEA AT THE BACK O' ME HEAD. SORT O' CAME TOGETHER THE SAME TIME I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT DOIN' THE SUPES.

I READ THE FILE ON YOU WHEN I WENT TO SEE MONKEY, BUT IT WASN'T 'TIL I MET YOU I STARTED TO THINK...HERE, THIS COULD BE HIM.

YOU AN' YER BLEEDIN' MORAL STREAK.

BUT YOU WERE ALWAYS TELLIN' ME TO TOUGHEN UP, AN' GET USED TO HITTIN' FOLK AN' ALL...

YEAH, BUT THAT WAS FOR SURVIVAL. AN' I DID A FUCKSIGHT MORE'N JUST TELL YOU; IT WAS ME TIPPED OFF TEENAGE KIX WHO'D DONE THE DIRTY ON 'EM, AN' I LEFT YOU TO IT WITH SWINGWING AN' ALL.

WHAT...?

AN' NONE OF IT MADE A BLIND BIT O' DIFFERENCE. YOU STAYED YERSELF NO MATTER WHAT I DONE.

FUCK, I DOUBT YOU EVEN LIKED KILLIN' A-TRAIN ALL THAT MUCH, EVEN WITH WHAT YOU WERE AFTER THE TOSSER FOR...

I FUCKIN' *HATED* DOIN' THAT--!

THERE YOU ARE.

I'D MORE OR LESS GIVEN UP ON YOU STOPPIN' ME AT ALL, D'YOU KNOW THAT? I WAS THINKIN' THE OTHER DAY, SHIT, MAYBE I SHOULD'VE GONE FOR SOMEONE MORE LIKE MESELF-- BUT THEN SOMEONE LIKE ME WOULDN'T'VE *WANTED* TO STOP ME, WOULD THEY?

IN THE END YOU'RE JUST LIKE LENNY WAS. A GOOD LITTLE BLOKE WHO CAN'T HELP BEIN' REASONABLE.

I WAS GONNA *TRY* AN' FIGHT YOU, LIKE. I WENT TO M.M.'S MUM, I DRANK MOTHER'S MILK'S MOTHER'S MILK...

JESUS--!

BUT I EVEN MADE A PIG'S EAR O' THAT, DIDN'T I?

I DUNNO.

MAYBE IF I HADN'T BEEN WHO I AM...WELL, YOU MIGHT NOT'VE WANTED TO SAVE MY LIFE A MINUTE AGO.

AN' WE WOULDN'T BE WHERE WE ARE NOW. VERY TRUE.

FUCK...!

I JUST--I'M SITTIN' HERE TALKIN' AWAY TO YOU LIKE NOTHIN'S HAPPENED, AN'--I JUST CAN'T GET IT INTO MY HEAD THAT THIS IS WHO YOU'VE TURNED OUT TO ***BE***...

'FRAID SO, MY SON.

THEN AGAIN, I WAS THE ONE PUT THE BOYS BACK TOGETHER AFTER MALLORY LOST HIS BOTTLE. I MADE 'EM WHAT THEY WERE MEANT TO BE.

I GOT VOGELBAUM WORKIN' ON FUCKIN' SUPE-SEEKIN' MISSILES; THE HOMELANDER AN' HIS MATES WOULD'VE CAUSED A LOT MORE BOTHER IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR ME.

YOU NEED BLOKES LIKE ME, HUGHIE.

IT'S WHAT WE GET UP TO IN OUR SPARE TIME YOU'VE GOTTA WORRY ABOUT.

JESUS, WHERE THE FUCK'RE THE COPS?

I SAID TERRORISTS. THAT'S THE MAGIC WORD.

I RECKON WE'LL BE WAITIN' A BIT YET.

MUTE

...SO, CALL ME BACK.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM YOU. TODAY WAS AWFUL, I REALLY NEED TO UNWIND.

CALL ME.

BREAKING NEWS

MUTE

BREAKING NEWS

CAPITOL HILL

LIVE

MUTE

--CAN'T MAKE ANY COMMENT ON MY TESTIMONY TO CONGRESS...

CAN YOU TELL US WHAT CAUSED YOUR CHANGE OF HEART?

I'M AFRAID I HAVE NO COMMENT AT THIS TIME. I'M SORRY.

ALTHOUGH STILLWELL REMAINED TIGHT-LIPPED, IT HAS BEEN CONFIRMED THAT AN EXTRAORDINARY SESSION OF THE COMMITTEE WAS CONVENED THIS EVENING...

APPARENTLY-- ACCORDING TO SOURCES WITHIN THE SENATE--AS A RESULT OF THE WITNESS CONTACTING A SENIOR CONGRESSIONAL FIGURE WITH A VIEW TO SUPPLYING FRESH EVIDENCE...

WHAT?

WHILE **REPORTS** FROM THE COMMITTEE SESSION REMAIN **LIGHT ON DETAIL IN SOME AREAS,** ONE ASPECT OF JAMES STILLWELL'S EVIDENCE SEEMS **CRYSTAL-CLEAR:** HIS IDENTIFYING **VOUGHT-AMERICAN SENIOR EXECUTIVE JESSICA BRADLEY** AS BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR THE **BREAKDOWN IN CONTROL** THAT LED TO THE **DISASTROUS EVENTS OF LAST NOVEMEBER...**

NO MORE SUPE
ROCK THE OUGHT
BREAKING NEWS
STILLWELL ON CAPITOL HILL

THE **SAME CONGRESSIONAL SOURCES** HAVE REVEALED THAT STILLWELL CITED A DATE **EARLY LAST YEAR,** WHEN HE HANDED OVER **DIRECT OPERATIONAL CONTROL** OF THE CORPORATION'S SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT DIVISION **TO BRADLEY**--A DATE FOR WHICH HE PROVIDED **DOCUMENTED PROOF.**

STILLWELL **ACCEPTED RESPONSIBILITY** FOR BRADLEY'S APPOINTMENT, BUT **DID SAY** THAT HE **SPECIFICALLY CAUTIONED HER** TO **WATCH** THE VARIOUS SUPERTEAMS--ADVISING **EXTRA VIGILANCE** REGARDING THE SEVEN AND THE HOMELANDER **IN PARTICULAR.** MS. BRADLEY, HE SAID, **SADLY CHOSE** TO **IGNORE HIS ADVICE** AND PURSUE HER **OWN AGENDA.**

WHEN QUESTIONED AS TO **WHY** THE PREMIER SUPERTEAM WAS DEEMED **WORTH WATCHING,** STILLWELL REPLIED THAT THE SEVEN WERE SIMPLY VOUGHT'S **LARGEST SOURCE** OF REVENUE.

HE WAS **THEN ASKED** IF HE BELIEVED THAT **HAD HE HIMSELF** CONTINUED IN THE EXECUTIVE ROLE, EVENTS WOULD HAVE **GONE DIFFERENTLY**--BUT **DECLINED TO ANSWER,** SAYING THAT HIS **OWN JUDGMENTS** WOULD BE **INAPPROPRIATE.**

AND WE'VE **JUST HEARD** THAT A **SPOKESMAN** FOR VOUGHT-AMERICAN, SPEAKING FROM THE COMPANY'S **NEW YORK OFFICES,** HAS **PRAISED** WHAT HE CALLED STILLWELL'S **PROFOUND ACT OF CONSCIENCE...**

YES--AH--
LET ME JUST SAY THAT LOYALTY TO A CO-WORKER IS CERTAINLY ADMIRABLE, BUT AT VOUGHT WE EXPECT A LEVEL OF RESPONSIBILITY THAT EXTENDS BEYOND COMPANY POLITICS. WE REMAIN **COMPLETELY COMMITTED** TO THE SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH SURROUNDING LAST YEAR'S TRAGIC EVENTS, AND WE HOPE THAT TODAY'S STATEMENT BY A TRUSTED EXECUTIVE OFFICER WILL SERVE TO REITERATE THAT FACT.

THE BOTTOM LINE IS: AT VOUGHT-AMERICAN, WHAT HAPPENS IN THE BOARDROOM **DOES NOT** STAY IN THE BOARDROOM.

YOU'VE HAD YOUR EYE ON ME FOR ***NINE YEARS?***

YOU WERE... WAITING FOR ME TO REACH A PARTICULAR POSITION, OR...?

ONE APPROPRIATE TO YOUR POTENTIAL. AS INDICATED BY YOUR EDUCATIONAL BACKGROUND AND GENERAL APTITUDE.

BUT YOU GOT THERE SOME TIME AGO; I'VE SIMPLY BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO APPROACH ME IN PERSON.

YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T BE QUITE SO QUICK TO DESPAIR, MS. BRADLEY. DON'T FORGET YOU'RE AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE TEAM.

OF THE VOUGHT-AMERICAN FAMILY.

THE SECOND IS TO PROTECT MS. BRADLEY. SHE IS AS IMPORTANT TO THE FUTURE OF THIS COMPANY AS ANY OTHER SENIOR OFFICER.

HMM.

I'M NOT SURE IF I SHOULD TELL YOU, MS. BRADLEY.

BUT I FEEL I CAN RELAX AROUND YOU.

NO...!

DID YOU HAVE TO COME IN PAST THAT MOB OUTSIDE? DID NO ONE INFORM YOU THAT THERE ARE SEVERAL MORE DISCRETE ENTRANCES FOR OCCASIONS LIKE THIS?

NO...

THIS. IT'S THIS.

JESUS, I'M THE FACE OF IT NOW.

NO...

TAKE MY HAND. TAKE HEART.

IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY.

NO...

AND FOLLOWING ON FROM THAT... CONSIDERING HOW RADICAL SOME OF THE MOVES YOU'RE GOING TO BE MAKING ARE RUMORED TO BE...

THEN THE MOST SENSIBLE CHOICE--AT LEAST FROM YOUR POINT OF VIEW--

WOULD BE A FALL GUY.

NNNAAAAAAAAH!

I DON'T SUPPOSE...YOU WANNA TELL ME WHERE YOU'VE GOT ALL THESE BLOODY BOMBS HIDDEN...?

HAVE A LOOK ON ME PHONE.

THEY AIN'T GONNA GO OFF ON THEIR OWN, BUT...WELL, WHO GIVES A FUCK NOW, EH?

COME TO THINK OF IT, IF YOU EVER WANNA GET YER OWN BACK ON RAYNER YOU'LL FIND EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEED ON THERE AN' ALL...

I COULDN'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT RAYNER.

ALL THIS FOR ONE WOMAN.

YEAH.

NOT EVEN FOR HER, FOR HER MEMORY.

MM-HM.

YOU DIDN'T KNOW HER, HUGHIE. YOU DUNNO WHAT SHE MEANT TO ME.

WHAT SHE MADE ME INTO.

IS THERE ANYTHIN' YOU WOULDN'T DO FOR BLONDIE?

I--WHAT--

I KNOW YOU'RE STILL SEEIN' HER.

BUT-- BUT-- HOW--

WILD GUESS.

OH.

YOU'RE... YOU'RE NO' GONNA COME OUT WI' ALL SORTS O' HORRIBLE STUFF ABOUT HER, ARE YOU?

'CAUSE I JUST DON'T THINK I HAVE ENOUGH MEANNESS IN ME, TO SAY AWFUL THINGS ABOUT YER WIFE...

I AIN'T GONNA SAY NOTHIN' HORRIBLE.

GOOD.

SHE TURNED OUT TO BE PRETTY MUCH THE EXACT OPPOSITE O' WHAT YOU SAID SHE WAS.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.

YOU LOVE HER?

I DO. I REALLY DO.

BUT I THINK I MIGHT BE A BIT LATE THERE, 'CAUSE I'VE FUCKED THINGS UP ABOUT AS BADLY AS I COULD'VE.

WELL THEN YOU'RE A FUCKIN' NOB-END, AIN'T YOU?

EH...?

GRAB HOLD OF HER, HUGHIE.

WRAP YER ARMS AROUND HER.

BREATHE HER IN.

FEEL HER STRENGTH INSIDE YER OWN.

AN' NEVER, EVER, EVER LET HER GO.

SEE, THAT WAS SOMETHIN' BECKY TOLD ME. I DIDN'T QUITE GET IT AT THE TIME.

BUT SHE SAID MEN WITHOUT WOMEN, IT WASN'T A GOOD IDEA. AN' SHE WAS RIGHT.

'COS ALL THAT MACHO SHIT-- THAT GUNFIGHTER, DIRTY HARRY BOLLOCKS--IT LOOKS TASTY, BUT IN THE END IT'S FUCKIN' SELF-DEFEATIN'.

IT JUST LEAVES YOU WITH BODIES IN DITCHES AN' BLOKES WITH HEADFULS O' BROKEN GLASS.

MEN ARE ONLY SO MUCH USE, HUGHIE.

MEN ARE BOYS.

I...AW, FUCK.

I JUST WISH... THINGS...

JESUS--!

NYPD

CHRIST ALMIGHTY, THEY SCARED THE FUCKIN' SHITE OUTTA ME!

YEAH, AN' THEY'RE GONNA HAVE SWAT AN' PARAMEDICS UP HERE IN NO TIME.

WHAT? FUCK, I CAN'T EVEN--

NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE, HUGHIE.

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO KILL ME.

WHAT...?

I'M FUCKIN' SERIOUS. I'VE BROKEN ME NECK HERE, I CAN'T FEEL A BLEEDIN' THING.

WAIT A SECOND, NO, I--

THEY'LL BANG ME UP FOR LIFE. I DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT DOIN' THE TIME-- BUT NOT TRAPPED IN ME OWN USELESS CARCASS, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

THERE'S NO BLOODY WAY I'M--

HUGHIE, YOU AIN'T GONNA LEAVE ME HERE LIKE A FUCKIN' RASPBERRY RIPPLE, COME ON...!

YOU DESERVE IT. YOU FUCKIN' WELL DESERVE IT.

I MIGHT WELL DO, BUT IF YOU'RE GONNA PUNISH ME YOU COULD AT LEAST LOOK ME IN THE BLOODY EYE. OR ARE YOU GONNA LEAVE IT UP TO SOME OTHER CUNT TO DO YER DIRTY WORK?

HUGHIE--

NO!

HUGHIE...

NO--!

THERE'S ONLY THE BLOODY TWO OF US LEFT, I'M NO' GONNA FUCKIN' PUT YOU DOWN LIKE A DOG...!

YEAH YOU FUCKIN' ARE, HUGHIE.

'COS OF ANNIE JANUARY.

AW FOR FUCK'S SAKE, I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T GONNA START IN ABOUT THAT! BUT OH AYE, THERE YOU GO, THE SAME OLD EVIL BLOODY--

NOT THE BIRD, SUNSHINE. I'M TALKIN' ABOUT YER DAD'S BOAT.

WH--

HE CHANGED THE NAME. THAT'S HOW MUCH HE LIKED HER.

I SPIKED HIS HEAD ON THE END O' THE TILLER. AFTER I'D FINISHED SPREADIN' YER MUM ALL OVER HER KITCHEN.

BOLLOCKS. ***FUCKIN' BOLLOCKS.*** THERE'S ***NO WAY...***

SEVEN WATKINS LANE, LAST HOUSE ON THE RIGHT. I READ YER FILE, REMEMBER?

YOU SHOULDN'T'VE PISSED ME OFF FUCKIN' ABOUT WITH MALLORY, MY SON. THAT WAS BANG OUTTA ORDER, YOU SHOULDN'T'VE GONE AN' DONE THAT.

WHAT D'YOU WANNA HEAR ABOUT? THE WANKY BLOODY SEVENTIES WALLPAPER, OR THE STUPID OLD CUNT'S PIPE?

OR WHAT ABOUT THAT PONCEY FUCKIN' POEM UP ON THE WALL O' YER BEDROOM, FUCK ME, DID I HAVE A RIGHT LAUGH AT THAT...!

LOOK AT ME. FUCKIN' ***LOOK AT ME.***

YOU KNOW I DONE IT.

FUCKER!

FUCKER!

CUNT!!

...NICE ONE, MATE.

HULLO...?

MAW!!

HUGHIE...!

ECK! ECK! IT'S HUGHIE ON THE PHONE!

MAW! JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT--?

OCH, SON, YE KEN I DON'T LIKE YE USIN' THAT SORT OF OUL' TALK, NOW...

MAW, *PLEASE* JUST TELL ME YOU AN' PAW ARE OKAY...!

O' COURSE WE ARE, WHY WOULDN'T WE BE? OCH, D'YE KEN WE HAD YER FRIEND HERE LAST YEAR, MISTER BUTCHER...?

WHAT... DID HE...

OH, HE WAS AN AWFULLY NICE MAN. AN' SO FUNNY, HIM AN' YER PAW GOT ON LIKE A HOOSE ON FIRE.

HE SAID HE WAS IN THE AREA AN' HE THOUGHT HE'D SEE WHERE YE GREW UP. WE SHOWED HIM ALL ROUND THE PLACE.

HE TOLD US HE WAS SORT O' YER BOSS, BUT I MUST SAY HE SEEMED VERY FOND O' YE.

HE ASKED US TO TELL YE HE SAID HELLO. I'M NO' SURE WHY, I THOUGHT HE'D PROBABLY SEE YE SOONER'N WE DID.

AWFULLY NICE MAN.

HERE, ECK, D'YE WANT TO SAY HULLO TO HUGHIE?

THE END